

The Bad Movie Attempts

talk,like the rest of us
facing the awful land

scape,won't,again like
us,get the haulscored
by those with filmy teeth.

All God's Children

The sanctioned continuity
of man's ingenuity to man:

Bouncing Betty. She vuss there
in the Gulf War, our latest pride
of lines just

as when She made it quite
safe for democracy in '18.

Well, anyway, the short of it's up
She *frisks* when triggered

'n blows your balls off.
(*Be Less Than You Can Be.*)

Oh 'scuse sexist me and mine
since we've taken women in:

*Hey Gals! Pay's not bad, right?--what with Bouncing Betty for
your fringe.*

Dear John Q.

Bad songs make you cry, whip
ping up that cesspool
of the expected.

Hitler loved dogs and children,
you little facist prick.

In the Marketplace of Liars

no true chum remains
genuine

ly a bargain.

Fawlty Towers British TV comedy

The Literary Life

Basil Fawlty, you irreversible dolt!
Yet haven't I spurred white-hot steeds
to just as unremarkable defeats?
(when I had the guts to saddle anything but Hope).

We long to play Hamlet or Raskolnikov to be sure.
The samovars, the whistling swords!
Slums of vile despairing, breathlessly sinister courts.
Promoting mad scenes to suit

the heart of the moment, but never to flash true
wares as Pangloss, nor dare parade the open face

of Sancho Panza. *Saddest yet that
narrow shelf of all my Quizling selves.*

Beauty hasn't world enough, thus

you turn,cabs lengthening
to suns. Clouds punch
up,blackest at their
hearts. The wind

drubs the city
in petals,stunning with
perfumes. This mood,

not yours,though fierce
ly elegant,you crack
the exact moment apart,
the molten core of motion in your image.

Slumber Song

Go to bed,
Pretending

Somebody
Loves you.

It's all right
It's all lies.

Tomorrow's another one,
BabyHon.

The Whatchacallit,Wasteland

PrezReagan slammed:
Bmovie actor--yet
TVnews one

BIG Bmovie.
's all Soap,
Gertie.

All we know 'n
can write about
being

SHIT. 'bout what's the te
dious debate,America?
What *color*?

"and when the things you plan"

light as butcher
knives

the trees,
the wind

rows hoarsely
on and on

to 1 more
bloody yr

Two Photos At the Garden Show

"The bluebirds have returned
to Militia Hill!" Fact

emphatic: "This is a BLUE bird;

but THIS is a bluebird!" Yeah,

Fiesty little guy
with orange breast-
splotch so

himself.

All the News That Fits

MENSA dude strangles wife w/ blue panties,
stows her,freezing AC rm,fudging time

of death. Goes he then asailin' w/ buddy...
later "phones" fm ole buddy's house to "wife"--

8 yr old girl pks up as he's
dissembling over dial-tone.
Perfect case closed.

*Hast seen blue panties? O
the blueness of the panties! Am I
blue? Blue heaven,note,moon,funk.*

Lucille Mellancamp RN, New Bedford, Mass, reports on 1st
wearing of latest nylon blend she had stepped in

to step out. (Note: tight
elastic knicks her.)

I'm smart too, it's
helped in school.

The Debt--to Joseph Beuys

*Hey Joe whattayuhknow?
Still one of the boys?*

I like the one where

*these peasants wrapped
icy you in fat and felt
after the crash. So -waffe*

*to -mensch, and you, Pal, never
quite the same. Well I
mean that there are fits*

*of starts for all of us, but who has
sniffed ole Death'll figure it, their
humanness. I don't mean*

*those yuppies, coarse-
ly strung mid-fart, who glimpse the face of God
through credit cards. They gotta learn*

*the hath they've wrought,
that sometimes, Joe, you can't pay
what you owe.*

And note the bank of bouganvilla
leading up to the older house.

You get that box lunch the ladies sold?

Colonel Breathard himSELF...

Like one humungous Jalapeno.

planted it,

Yeah. Right.

sending the gardeners home that day,

Farting like a machine gun since!

as a birthday gift FOR...

Uh huh? Everywhere you go it's the same.

at the library

she bowed her back towards
the shelves, wordless-
ly expressing this

is my body: i can do
anything with it

i want.

I can.

I!

The Life of the Spirit

*from boredom you concoct a rag
in which you just succumb.*

*Then play it till a hag
bestows a sandwich.*

Boswell Visits Rousseau
(a ballade in 4/7 time)

John-Jacques
John-Jacques
John-Jacques
John-Jacques

Got the clap
clap clap clap

clap

clap clap!

by.

Life goes fucking

Knife in the Water

With all this nasty chess of sex
I'm tickled Norman Bates,
ole genderbender, stays
politically correct.

